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Spirit of the Magazines.

From Blackwood's Magazine for August.

To a Wounded Ptarmigan.

BY DELTA.

I.

Haunt of the heathy peak,
Habitant trust-nerb and shy,
Know which bird of bloodless beak,
Rushing wing and rapid eye,
Hath the Fowler's fatal aim
Of thy freedom rights bereft thee,
And, mid natures cutted or tame,
Thus enraged, a captive left thee?—
Thou who, Earth's low valleys scorning,
From thy cloud-encantled nest,
Wont to watch the earliest morning
Sunbeam on the breast!

II

Where did first the light of day
See thee bursting from thy shell?
Was it where Ben Nevis grey
Towers aloft o'er land and fell?
Or where down upon the storm
Flaked the pinion'd gaze in wonder,
Round thy rocky nest, Cairngorm,
Rolling with its clouds and thunder?
Or with eamount heaven directed,
Where Ruthvenfelch views in pride,
All his many grouse tollected
In Loch Bevidere's tide?

III

Roots! and—but then we know,
That a wild free life was thine,
Whether on the peak of snow,
Or amid the thongs of pine.
Now on high heath with teath,
Now down dell by crumbled wather,
To the golden broom beneath,
Happy with the mate together;
Yours now every cliff and chasm
Of your hills's rug-ric hair,
Tarn-ic dark, dark-ye more many,
For the spoiler came to kill!

IV

Gazing wintry bird, at these
That dost bring the wandering mind
Visions of the Polar Seas—
Where expell'd by wave and wind,
Where the emerged night broods only
O'er the ice-bound desolation,
Where the snorting whale below,
In its anger hammers season—
Nearer treading shore, a silent howling
Tempests via the briental air,
And to famish'd wolf on prowling
Proves the former bear.

V

And for north the daylight flees—
And the trembling stars alone
Glitter for mid the icy seas,
Round the mast they gently thunder—
And the moon on her pale race
And no living animal inhabits
Save the roaming mind and wave,
All that darkness first housing
Midnight Terror in rage clothed
From creation's startled night
And time's progress only noted
By the northern light.

VI

Rare! to us sweet for thee in spring,
Nature seems at green to haul,
As the cuckoo's sounds come ring
Hoarse among the sunny vale,
And the shrubbery from the brake
Hears it the Morning Star serenely
And the wild swans o'er the lake,
Rest with feet and wing at evenly,
Regent where? for the cuckoo's gone
At the opening to its summer tune,
Or the woodlarks notes before them
With their bells of tone?

VII

Thou it on hatches grave to grave,
And to-day mid flower glen to glen,
Those it was in thine to rove,
High over hills, and far from men,
While Heaven's sun's bound
Round the fair and fragrant world,
That enough for human wanting
Would indeed for Eden's ground,
Were but health in purple blooming
With that startle? From their morning
On the forest gifted sward,
To the day and fern's fresh shooting
To the cuckoo's bird.

VIII

Sweet to all the earliest time—
But how sweeter for to thee,
Nothing in thy home subsisted,
Huge—but all to thee familiar as a
Old cronies by fire-side,
Steeped the hill tops in refraction,
Or the sunset made the west,
Even like elderly town patrician,
Wash and Red Cross seated eyes on
Kaimes outtopped in blooming mirth
Bounded but by the horizon
Belting Heaven to Earth.

IX

Did the Genius of the place,
Which in loving sprite but you
Had for long before the trace,
That emotion it must rue?
Did the gather'd omen of years
Which height that mountain's forehead
Threaning to its heart's tears
Over that natural refuge dotted?
Did the lady feeding drooping,
And the engendering pain from sigh,
As the sure but game-fair whooping,
Came o'er upward by?

X

Name this knowledge stream is ever—
Hints and beauty cannot last,
To that heart, for evermore,
Ye are cruel arts of the past!
And if you it mention to vain,
Whole the sunlight night broods only
Shapes and falls the fitful rain,
Mid your nooses fetters and lonely
Ye have passed—the bonds enthral you
To the cuckoo and darkness death—
Nature never more spring recall you
To her scented breath!

XI

Such their fate—but unto there,
Blood and plume, protracted breath,
Happiness, dear captivity
Into which no steel or death
Yet attach the fate of him
Who, when all his cares are thickest,
Pricks only but a short time,
Relieve a sore deposited
Down no more a restless breast
Purged by the blood of care—
And to-day made hope a golden vision
Point to-morrow.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for August.

Mary Scott.

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By the Author of "Tales of the Southern Counties."

It was autumn—for the end of October, in the year 1567, or thereabouts, for it is well to be exact in one's chronology—the day had been misty and dull, rather than actually stormy, but the sun had broken out at intervals, and as it drew nearer to the hour of his setting, his beams seemed to grow brighter in proportion. The rich Flemish landscape which those rays lighted up, was exactly such as Wouvermans has often delighted to paint; the level blue distance was varied with the steeples of churches and convents, which (lit up and gilded here and there by the evening sun) helped to break the monotony of those rich plains. All was not still, however; for the trees, in the middle of the picture, were stirred with wreaths of curling blue smoke that floated on the heavy atmosphere, and irregular discharges of musketry were heard, at intervals, in the same direction.

In the foreground, too, stood the white charger, whose presence is de rigeur in such a scene, among a group of cavalry on the outskirts of the Spanish camp, whose forces were at that time occupying the Low Countries, under the command of the Duke of Parma. The horseman was no less important a personage than Colonel the Baron Von Blitzendorf, an old German officer, who had assembled a band of mercenaries from almost every country in Europe, with whom he had fought his way in the numerous wars which had as long agitated the Continent, and at last engaged under the banners of Philip of Spain. We need not stop to inquire if they were not, probably, less scrupulous as to the prince, or justice of the cause to which they lent their temporary aid, than as to the chances of meeting with what they considered their due allowance of pay, plunder, or consideration; but it must not be inferred that discipline was permitted to be lax in such a regiment; on the contrary, the worthy baron was a martinet of the first water.

There was no mistaking the sort of man, from his outward equipment. About the time we are describing, it had become customary to dispense with the more cumbrous parts of a suit of armor, to the no small dissatisfaction of the baron, who was one of those who think it a matter of conscience not to alter or abandon (even for good reasons) whatever they have been accustomed to in their youth. A cuirass, however, was still worn over the leather doublet, and enormous jack boots, armed with an awful pair of spurs, whose pointed rowels were full two inches in diameter, encased his lower extremities. After the Spanish fashion, his hard weather-beaten features were shaded by a broad hat and drooping feather, but the excessive length of his two handed sword must by no means be forgotten, for its elaborately worked iron hilt would have made the fortune of an artist or curiosity hunter in the present day.

The baron fidgeted in his saddle, and twisted his grisly moustache impatiently, as he looked out in the direction whither he had despatched a small party of troopers to retake an outpost from the insurgents. Several skirmishes had taken place since they had been detached on that service in the morning, and the occasional rattle of fire-arms, heard in divers quarters during the day, had kept the worthy baron in a constant state of nervous eagerness; especially as at that time glasses were unthought of, and even if they had been in use, one may ride for two or three days together in the fertile plains of the Low Countries, without having a single rising knoll of ground, to command a view of what may be going on within, perhaps, half a mile distance, or even less.

It was not very long, however, before the party were both seen and heard advancing at a gravo, leisurely trot along the causeway, some clattering over the flags, and others thundering in the deep sandy tracks on each side, between the trunks of the elms and black poplars, which bordered the road toward Ghent.

The officer in command rode up with the usual salutation to the old colonel, who sat with stiff and mathematical precision on his white horse, and received the report of the successful operation without moving a muscle of his countenance till the exact detail of circumstances was finished.

"Good," ejaculated the baron; "so the post is once more in our hands, and you say you have lost but three men? Good again! and you have led fifteen with the lieutenant in the old farm house?"

"Exactly so."

"Then how is it," continued the baron, scanning with his eye the troopers who wanted to be dismissed to their quarters—"how is it that you have now twenty-three men instead of twenty two? Take eighteen from forty, there should remain but twenty two."

"True," returned the officer, biting his lip, "but the fact is, after we had set out, I found that there was one man beyond my number, who had joined the party without orders."

"Without orders, sir?" said Von Blitzendorf's stern and features seemed to grow more rigid than ever as he spoke, "how dare you allow of such a thing; and why is he not reported for punishment?"

"Why—in the action to-day he distinguished himself so as to deserve grace as much as blame. Altercht, one of my best men, was in our front rank when we took the old tower, the outside of an enemy's musket was close against his breast, when the young Englishman pushed by, struck up the weapon, and cut down the man, in less time than you could give the word of command."

"Sound was your English recruit, who seems ever ready to volunteer his life where he is not wanted. Call him out of the ranks."

The young man, or rather boy, for the stripling who now stepped forward was apparently in the more than seventeen or eighteen, but there was fair complexion and blue eyes of the English peasantry, and his light hair curled in abundance round his smooth face, which was tinted with a little more red than usual, at being brought into notice, though the reckless independent glance told of willfulness, combined with the bravery he was known to possess.

In answer to the questions put to him, he gave his name as Harry Scott, but no reply could be obtained as to his motives for pressing forward into a service of danger, which many of his riper years would willingly have avoided. The striking of the post in question was of no inconsiderable importance, for it commanded the passage of the canal which led toward Ghent, and enabled those who held it to cut off the supply of provisions from all the towns between that city and Antwerp. It appeared, moreover, that the re-taking this post was owing, in no small degree, to the dashing and reckless bravery of the young English recruit, who had been but a few months in the service.

The Baron Von Blitzendorf was, by no means, the man to overlook a breach of discipline, and he began, with some asperity, to deliver a long-winded harangue on the humbles to an army which a strict attention to discipline ensured; and having disposed of this item, he proceeded to show, on the other hand, how neglect of military obedience caused innumerable evils, notwithstanding any individual bravery which might be shown. The worthy baron was one of those who love to hear themselves talk, and his discourse had already reached a most unreasonable length, when, in the midst of a sen-whal intricate sentence, a hand was quietly laid on his knee, as he sat on his horse, and a voice cut short his oration by saying,

"Your discourse is wise and soldier like, baron, but I think these men would thank you to abridge your advice a little, seeing they must be somewhat fatigued with their morning's work."

Von Blitzendorf started, coloring a little with anger at this unceremonious interruption, as he turned to see who the intruder might be. He was a cavalier, still apparently under the meridian of life, wrapped in a plain dark cloak, which was evidently adopted for the purpose of remaining incog. as the wearer had that air and manner which is so generally natural to persons of high birth, and so difficult of imitation to those who have not had that advantage.

The group of officers fell back and uncovered at the sound of the voice, and a glance at the figure of the new comer, for it was in fact no other than Duke Alexander of Parma, governor of the Netherlands, who had chosen this mode of personally ascertaining the state of discipline and efficiency of his army, by seeking out Von Blitzendorf to learn the result of the morning's expedition.

As the duke, however, had only overheard the latter part of the chiding discourse of the German veteran, some explanation was necessary, and the details which were accordingly communicated were as follows —

It appeared that the English recruit, Harry Scott, had enlisted under the Spanish banner in the early part of the summer, and, like most of his countrymen, quickly learnt to dress a horse, ride, and go through the exercises of the manege; being active, intelligent, and punctual in his duty, he had also acquired the esteem of the officers. A friendship had sprung up between him and Altercht, his comrade, one of the bravest young troopers under the German baron's command, and every time the latter was called on service, Scott always contrived to be next his friend in the ranks, and more than once, in battles and skirmishes, succeeded in saving his life at the risk of his own. On this occasion, it appeared that Altercht having been sent with the picquet on a particularly dangerous and important duty, the young Englishman had joined them without orders; true, he had once more saved his comrade's life, and behaved with brilliant intrepidity; "but," continued the baron, "such an example of disregard of discipline is what I cannot allow in mine own regiment, and the less, as your highness knows well, that whatever use our poor services may be of to the Spanish cause, depends mainly upon our adhering to the rules and discipline of the noble science of war, and there by keeping up our superiority over the heretical rabble opposed to us."

The Duke of Parma, however, had been scanning with his eye these modern Pylades and Orestes, instead of paying attention to the conclusion of Von Blitzendorf's oration, though it was what the latter peculiarly prided himself upon, and would have felt his vanity seriously hurt if he had noticed this neglect; but fortunately for those who, like our good baron, are addicted to what the thoughtless world calls prosiness, their own origins of self-esteem and admiration frequently make up for the lack of such observances from others, and prevent the possibility of their discourse ever seeming tedious from occurring to their own minds. Alexander of Parma, who had been personally engaged in the celebrated battle of Legnano, which only eighteen, was too brave himself not to be an admirer of bravery in others; and the account of the valor and friendship of these two young soldiers seemed to strike and to interest him considerably, and the more, as the romances of chivalry, in which he had read of such matters, related such sentiments only of knights and princes, so that their manifestation in men of low birth excited some surprise and curiosity. It was not, therefore, different for the captain of their troop to obtain a pardon from the duke, who readily granted it, and ordered the young English hero to attend him next morning, as he wished to learn more of his previous history.

Von Blitzendorf remained silent, but he screwed up his face into a grim look of dissatisfaction, as he watched the departure of Alexander Farnese, whose indulgence seemed to him highly improper, especially being granted without the baron's own intervention.

It was late in the evening when Altercht came to the tent in which he and his comrade slept, having first limited drum and fed their horses, and supped by the light of the watch-fires; but instead of finding his friend asleep, as he expected from his having left the circle of troopers some time before, Scott was seated at the entrance, in a musing posture, with his head resting on one hand.

"How now, comrade, not asleep, yet?" was Altercht's salutation to the other, whose cheek was a little pale; and as the rays of the moon fell directly upon the boy's light hair and smooth fair head, it struck him that there was something unusual in his looks. "Why, what's made thee leave our fire so soon?" continued the trooper; "what now is the matter? Art sick, or in love—which is it, Harry?"

As he spoke, he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, who rather peevishly, as it seemed, shook her touch, but on so doing Altercht's eye caught a dim stain on the front of his leather doublet, which was both unnoticed at the moment, and also unaccountable at the next. "How!"—sounded hastily at my side, and the trooper at once perceived that he had touched a wound. "Why, child of misfortune!" and he knelt at the boy's feet to examine the spot; but, as he laid his hand on the open collar, the stripling pushed the comrade rudely away in resentment for his kindly meant attention, and exclaimed, "Seamew, Altercht, it is a mere scratch, and nothing more. If you dare breathe a word of it, I'll cut nothing of it. A man never mind such a trifle."

The trooper was inclined to ascertain whether this was only the desire of a boy to make light of a wound, but found his companion so petulant that he desisted. "Sapperment! I would scorn to have trod on the lion's tail to-day, by your sullenness. I only meant to be civil and friendly, but if you are not sore, why then all's well, and no need to say more about the matter."

And without troubling his head further, Altercht rolled himself up in his cloak, and was soon fast asleep in one corner of the tent.

But the other seemed to have something on his mind which prevented me following that example. An hour or two passed away, and all was still in the camp, except the measured tread of the sentinel at his post, but the English recruit was still gazing at the bright moon, whose rays fell on the numerous tents round him, and a tear now and then trickled down his cheek, but was quickly brushed away again. At length he turned into the shelter of the canvas, and fatigue compelled him to throw himself down at a little distance from his friend, when a heavy sleep, the consequence of their exertions in the day's expedition, fell upon him till after the watch had been changed.

Altercht was the first to wake; and as he stood and watched his still slumbering companion, he hesitated to rouse him, on observing the pale and restless look of the boy. Suddenly it struck him that the wound in his neck must have been much more serious than he supposed, and that it had been concealed from foolish bravado; and determined to ascertain the truth, he stooped down and opened the front of the youth's doublet, where the stain of blood appeared. The wound was, indeed, nothing of any consequence; but a sudden exclamation of astonishment, which he could not repress, broke from him the next instant, causing the boy to start up suddenly, and, perceiving what Altercht had done, blushed deeper than ever.

The two friends looked at each other for some moments without speaking; till the trooper burst into a fit of laughing at the embarrassment caused by his unexpected discovery that his comrade belonged to the softer sex. "Donnerwetter!" he at last exclaimed; "and I had suspected nothing of you for the two months we have been quartered together till this moment!"

His companion half smiled through her blushes, as she replied, "Nor should you have known it now, Altercht, with my consent; but since I can no longer conceal it, I must explain what cannot but seem so strange to you."

"Strange indeed!" muttered he; "how ca ld I be so blind!"

And seizing her by the hand, he snatched a kiss, but the next instant she broke from him, and caught up her sword, which lay near them on the ground.

"Hands off, comrade—no liberties with me! There!—how like looks your man do look, if a girl shows a spark of two of spirit!" added she, laughing, as the soldier's countenance certainly showed marks of amazement at her behaviour "Seriously though, Altercht, let us understand one another. We have fought side by side, and you have treated me like a brother. Well, let it be so still; we can esteem each other as before; being active, intelligent, and punctual in his duty, he had also acquired the esteem of the officers. A friendship had sprung up between him and Altercht, his comrade, one of the bravest young troopers under the German baron's command, and every time the latter was called on service, Scott always contrived to be next his friend in the ranks, and more than once, in battles and skirmishes, succeeded in saving his life at the risk of his own. On this occasion, it appeared that Altercht having been sent with the picquet on a particularly dangerous and important duty, the young Englishman had joined them without orders; true, he had once more saved his comrade's life, and behaved with brilliant intrepidity; "but," continued the baron, "such an example of disregard of discipline is what I cannot allow in mine own regiment, and the less, as your highness knows well, that whatever use our poor services may be of to the Spanish cause, depends mainly upon our adhering to the rules and discipline of the noble science of war, and there by keeping up our superiority over the heretical rabble opposed to us."

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From the London Metropolitan Magazine for August.

The Minstrel's Song.

To the beautiful and Ill-Fated

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Sleep my child and I will watch o'er thee,
Angels are with thee spirit guardian,
All are as one with thee
Baby sweet, softly rest.
Chapel to the mother's breast —

While we sing your lullaby,
Lower lids on your cheek nestled
Weary with long day, wishful
Eyes shut on the world of light
Baby blest, softly rest.

O how watch fondly tended,
While the slumbers song beguiled,
In low motion of mother's bosom,
What will be the fate of child?
Baby blest, softly rest.

Slumber thou now my rose of beauty,
Spared by grace to motherhood's years
Of toil and heaven grant the duty
May requite a mother's tears.
Baby blest, softly rest.

Ah! I dare not think the curtain
Future to us may withdraw,
Or the God that is unseen
Show us what we stand upon.
Baby blest, softly rest.

Sweet mother's tender love,
Sweet babe's confidence and joy,
How my tears have wet you those times.
Lower shall more flow still and sigh.
Baby blest, softly rest.

From the Monthly Magazine for August

The Passage of the Ice.

The enterprising character of Charles Gustavus the Tenth, who succeeded to the Swedish throne on the resignation of that extraordinary person, Queen Christina, created no small alarm in the royal state of Denmark. Urged on by their very fears, and stimulated headon by the Dutch, who dreaded the ascendency of Sweden, the Danes took advantage of the Polish war, in which Charles had engaged, to declare hostilities against him. But that prince, who inherited the military promptness of his uncle, the great Gustavus Adolphus, marched instantly for Holstein, defeated the Danes in every engagement, overran the whole Jutland, and at the close of the year 1657 his army of fourteen thousand veteran troops, lay on the shore of the little Belt, divided from the Isle of Funen only by twenty miles of water. Here, at least, the Danes hoped for breathing time; the Swedish fleet could not put to sea until spring, and even then their own naval resources with the aid of a few ships from Holland, would be sufficient to baffle the enemy. But these expectations were wholly disappointed; a rigorous frost set in, of such unexampled severity, that the little belt was frozen over, and a bridge of ice spanned the hitherto impassable barrier. Charles immediately conceived the daring enterprise of marching his whole army over the ice, and waited impatiently for the hour when he might bid his legions "forward."

It was midnight when a council of war was sitting in an old fashioned chateau where the king had taken up his quarters. The room had a bare and barrack like appearance, the furniture was scanty and rude, there were not even chairs enough for the whole party, one of the officers occupying a deal box, while another had taken up a precarious position on the summit of a pile of knapsacks. A table of pine-boards, covered with maps, papers, and writing materials, stood in the centre, at one end of which sat Charles himself. He was at that time about thirty seven, but looked a year or two older; scarcely of middle height, square-shouldered, and compactly built, his whole frame showed great strength and vigor; his face was broad, the eyes small and gray, his lips thin and well defined, and the general expression of his countenance was highly prepossessing from his frank, fearless air, and look of keen intelligence. He was dressed in a green uniform, faced with white, half leather breeches, and jack boots, a three-cornered hat lay on the table. The short tails of his coat stuck out on each side, probably for convenience when on horseback, and his long straight sword was brought forward between his knees, both hands resting on the pommel. Marshal Bauer, Generals Wrangle, Steinbock, Count Post, De la Gardie, and other veteran officers, sat round the table, all of them trained up to military skill in the terrible school of the thirty years' war.

Besides these military councillors, there were present the Chevalier Terlon, envoy of Louis XVI. and Count Uhlefelt. The latter was a Danish noble, once high in rank, and first minister under Christian IV. whose natural daughter, the beautiful Leonora Christina, he had married. On the death of Christian, Uhlefelt had intrigued with other nobles on behalf of his brother in law Waldemar, in opposition to Frederick, the present king of Denmark, besides insulting the queen and irritating the nation by his overweening pride. Some malpractices with respect to the coinage having diminished his popularity and being also called upon by the Senate to account for the revenues of his government, the proud count broke with the court altogether; and soon afterward, when Charles little short of treason were brought against him, he and his wife took ship by night, and fled to Holland. He was then offered an asylum by Queen Christina of Sweden; her successor, Charles Gustavus continued it, and now after a seven years' exile, Count Uhlefelt was come in triumph in the ruin and humiliation of his native country. Tall, handsome and commanding, skilled in languages, endowed with great genius, and proud as the fallen Lucifer, he was one of those men whose course through life is sure to be distinguished by good or evil beyond the common measure.

An officer entered with despatches.

"'Tis well," said the king, his small eyes flashing with pride; "the first holds, and Arensdorff reports the position as impregnable. Gentlemen, let us march."

"Sire," General Wrangel began, "as the risk is well considered?" A night march of fourteen thousand men, cavalry and artillery included, over twenty miles of ice—in a thaw, a sudden shift of wind, may sink the whole army, or at least shut us up in the Island of Funen until spring, and even then our retreat would depend on the chance of a naval victory. Is it prudent?"

He stopped. The king was listening to him with a fixed look and peculiar smile; Wrangel shook his head and sat down.

"It is well I know you," said Charles, nodding kindly to the general. "Risk! There is risk, but not more than success is worth. The enemy have no fortress but this Castle of the Isle of Funen since pass it, and Funen is ours."

"Yes, sire," added Count Uhlefelt, "and from the shore of Funen, Zealand will be in sight, for the first but held, and Copenhagen falls."

"Ay!" muttered Charles, with a glance of triumph; "Copenhagen—Copenhagen!"

The next instant he turned abruptly in his chair, clashed his sword with a clatter, and threw a sudden glance at the count. The king remembered in was a traitor.

Another council with despatches. After a brief pause, Charles rose.

"All is favorable. Gentlemen, to your posts. Remember the general order—that the cavalry lead their horses and march with; see that the artillery are the same. Chevalier, you will accompany me." He bowed formally to the right and left, and walked straight out of the room, followed by Terlon.

Two hours after midnight the troops began their fearful night-march over a frozen sea. It was a clear starry night; the snow lay a foot deep, and drove a ghastly nocturnal glare on the faces of soldiers and sledges of the Swedes. An awful tranquility of repose brooded upon the scene, the moon looked down to the shore, hiding for a few minutes in silence an interval between clouds; all was dumb with the cool desperation of a host of soldiers—no confusion, no noise, nothing but the word of command, the crash of artillery wheels, or the rattling of pikes and muskets, to indicate the animated movements of so many thousand men. Where the last files had left the shore, the king stood watching their advance with great interest; the heavy creaking sound grew less and less distinct; the parade drums seemed to gather into one solid mass, its sole diminishing every instant, until the gallant army moved by vast columns on twilight," had done all and a dreary silence succeeded, remarkable only to be broken by the dark tract it left upon the snow. The cold was so intense that even the king's horse froze hard, and whenever the animal breathed or air escaped over the dreary waste, even the hardy Swede shivered like an ague-struck girl.

"God help the poor soldiers who quits his rank to-night!" exclaimed the Chevalier Terlon, wrapping his fur pelisse closer around him. The remark roused Charles from his reverie.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he replied, "my Swedes will not quit their ranks; and if there be danger, at least we will share it with them, Diavon."

Sledges drawn by three horses abreast were in waiting; they entered, and bearing to the left, followed in the broad path beaten by the troops.

The travelling of so many men and horses had soft ned the snow, and the sledges went splashing through a half-frozen, half-wind compact mass, in the places of the hard, hollows were filled with water two feet deep, would set the horses aside, and make the slight vehicles waver in and fro, freezing the cold snow-water sheer over the shivering travellers; sudden blasts beat cut with unmerciful and penetrated see made the drivers cramps, and turned their shaggy cattle to start and shake their manes, and turned their heads towards each other's shoulders. As they neared the intervening columns, one straggler only was seen, taking to a pool with the stock of his musket.

"My curtius, sirrah, sir," he shouted, in reply to the king's impatient hail.

"Hold on by the sledge, comrade," said Charles, "and keep your rank, though you should have nothing to fight with but your teeth—hold on bravely done, by Gustavus!" he called to the general in command of the infantry, who was marching in the rear on foot with his cuirass slung on his shoulders. "Your regiment, sir, drive through; the word passed from month to month, and the men drew up their knapsacks and pushed on with redoubled vigor, but the Swedes are a silent race, and there was no cheer.

The sledges now spread abroad on all sides, keeping each a hundred yards from the other, for they had reached the mid-channel, and were in the very jaws of danger. Now and then fearful sounds rose, booming on the still night air, as the ice suddenly rent to an enormous distance. Bright jagged masses starred the surface, and the dead gloom of winter, no longer silenced ever by light reflected from the ice, seemed darkened into a sullen cloud. The land grew less distinct; the gigantic pillars of ice were not yet cleared, nothing as a mark or guide, and the king and the chevalier were observing hard upon the track, when a shout close ahead startled them; the next instant a wounded trooper reeled to the rein, and whirled the horses half round.

"How now, fellow?" said Charles, starting up.

"Ay, sire," cried the man, recognising his voice, "another step, and you were lost. Five of our troop went down here, and the captain pushed me to warn the rear. The ice here is very rotten for two hundred yards and more."

A loud crash upon the left, a shriek, shouts for help, and a sound of desperate plunging, cut short the trooper's report; the king and the chevalier leaped from the sledge, and made for the spot with all speed, but in vain; there was nothing to be seen except a chasm in the ice, and human beings who had fallen, though warm with life but a few minutes before, were already driving, dead and cold beneath the frozen covering of the sea.

"Men brave," said Charles to the trooper "take these," throwing him a cloak and a flask, "keep good watch to night, to-morrow you shall hear from me."

Once more the word was "forward," and sledge after sledge swept by, while the stout soldier, taking a long pull at the flask, and wrapping his cloak around him, tramped back and forward on his dreary post with the wakeful eye and measured tread of a sentinel.

At six o'clock the Danish fires were seen by the Finnish cavalry in the van; the king mounted his horse, the files closed up, and an officer was sent to the rear to hasten the advance of the infantry. In half an hour more, the low outline of the shore was distinctly visible at the distance of half a league, and the enemy, opening a fire from three field pieces to break up the ice, the vanguard halted to await the advance of the centre columns. These, however, were still an hour's march in the rear, and the king's impatient temper, aggravated by the constant crashing of the ice in front, prompted him to change his plan of attack. An express was sent to Wrangel to push on with the cavalry of the right wing; Colonel Arensdorff, with part of the van, was ordered to manœuvre in his present position, so as to occupy the attention of the enemy, while Charles himself, with the remainder of the Finnish horse, made a detour upon the left. The movements of the troops in their front deceived the Danes; their fire redoubled, and by the greater elevation of their guns, the balls, instead of passing clear through the ice, shattered it far and wide in every direction. A squadron of forty men incautiously approaching within range, a shot fell right among them, the ice cracked to an immense distance with a noise like thunder, and men and horses, flung into the yawning gulf, struggled fiercely with each other, until the crowd of living things, kicked, trampled, or sunk-ed in a helpless, writhing mass, sank heavily down beneath the waters. A shout from the Danes followed, but the triumph was short; scouts from either flank brought intelligence of the landing of Swedes, and the Scottish officer in command, the veteran Major Henderson, immediately drew off his men, and fell back upon a farm-house and windmill, about half a mile in his rear. His troops consisting of a few companies of regular infantry and some armed peasants, on being surrounded by the Swedes, gave up their arms as prisoners of war.

Daylight, the gray, cheerless dawn of winter, rose on a strange scene. Groups of dismounted troopers had gathered round the smouldering fires, each with the bridle on his arm, while the jaded horses, stood behind, with drooping necks and dull eyes, as weary as the riders. The columns of infantry were just mounting the shore with the slow but steady pace; the men, pale and haggard from cold and fatigue, marched or halted mechanically at the word of command; there was other speaking at the word of command; there was other speaking at all, for each company was dismissed, some made for the fires already burning, some tried to kindle others, while the greater part threw themselves down upon the ground overcome by an irresistible torpor. Far away, marking their advance, stretched a belt of sudden snow, its hue of reddish brown contrasting powerfully with the white surface it traversed on either side. Small portion of men dragging a field-piece or a trumbril, straggliers mounted or on foot, horses without riders, and broken sledges, were scattered over the waste, while here and there a dead soldier lay frozen as he slept to his passage through the ice, king's realms.

But what then? Let the dead lie stiff and stark upon the snow, or be tossed like drift-wood on the waves of the sea; the memory of their sufferings has long faded away, while the glorious passage of the ice, the renown of the conquering Swede, shall go down to remotest times. Hurra! Finem is won! Denmark has lost another limb; and the northern eagle stands, with outstretched neck and balanced wing, ready to seize the last sweep on his noble prey!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Lines to M. Beaubien her Birth Day.

BY J. COWARDS.

There's music in the Summer's wind, there's health upon the gale,
And earth is rich, complete of the green pasture and her vocal lay.
And all around is beautiful, on this thy natal day.

Then let the mirthful tear be hasty and whisper its tender strong
The love which the lord decrees us, for being and whose its bounty
And nature's world is bursting forth with rich and laughing
And the living's simple song that now shall be to thee.

May every blessing wait on thee while journeying to the
May every thought be pure and clear, with happiness be
May joys while in time's ordered years with happiness be
Garlanded for ever from your mind, be narrow care and
May the light of love and peace illume thy path, and whose
And may the path be strewn with flowers of every hue
Through life.

And when final memory all recalls sacred visions of the
May the blessed each succeeding year be happier than the
And may remembered joys be those as once and years as
Of time.

And may the evening of thy life be full of love and peace,
May angels of days be those dear friend, while you remain
On earth!

Blest is the those who know thy kindness goodness truth
and worth.

And when about to close your eyes in death's last hour
May you be among the saints within the realms of
the water!

Philadelphia, July 1840.

Wallace and the Pirate.

AN OLD SCOTCH STORY.

During the brief career of the celebrated Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have taken a voyage to France with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all the countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and sailed for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him that the full ship which was bearing down, for the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies.

It was commanded by a gentleman of the name of Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth but by practice one of those pirates who call themselves friends to the sea and enemies to all who sail upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the wicked Norse sea kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the barque that he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his fellows.

Wallace smiled sternly while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and fear in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his followers, Boyd, Kerrie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat on the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, except such as were

difficulty;—for in the eloquent language of another, "Though suns be tossed from their centre, and planets be hurled to ruin; though worlds be poled on world, and dread disorder reign; though the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat; yet let *him* not forget that there is one Being, who, unchanged himself, beholds the changes of the universe with a perfect command of all its powers, and that Being is 'Our Father who is in Heaven.'" Is there, or can there then be, in time, or space,—in earth, or any where, any thing to cause his cheerfulness to be disturbed, or his hopes for a moment to become dull,—for soon, very soon, will he rest forever in peace; and then will his cheerfulness never cease, neither be disturbed. for all trials, difficulties, and disappointments will have ceased, and that forever. W. R. S.

Philadelphia.

The Father—an Instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. ANSCOMBE.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverse of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When the families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things!" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices; "it is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor! We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old; "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene, cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who so long had been the mistress of the mansion, shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market.

He viewed with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in affluence, and the efficiency which her daughters soon acquired under her training.

The oldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on.

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The oldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were so able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, in a summer evening, than he had been in his downy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he—"shall we return to the city?"

"Oh! no, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father, said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother! Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

The Maid of Athens.

The deepest charm of which Egina, with all its beauties, can boast, is the presence of one, poetically known to the reader as the "Maid of Athens." She resides in a little cottage, on the borders of the village, with everything around her ruddily partaking of the romance sprinkling through her history. In her person she is slightly formed, hardly reaching the medium stature, and yet possessing all the graces of a rich symmetry. A very small foot and hand give a lightness to her attitudes and motions, while a deep blue eye exerts softness over the expressive and delicately flat-nosed features of her face. Her dress is simple and native, betraying no vanity or ever solicitude, if you except the care with which the glossy fullness of her dark hair is made to assume the beautiful form of a turban. The bridal flowers that once adorned those locks, have often been renewed from the blossoming gifts of the year. The bloom and vivacity which once glowed in her cheeks, and gave a child-like sprightliness to her manner, though still, at times, half surviving and betrayed, have yielded to a paler aspect, and a more subdued air. Her countenance, which appears to reveal the undisguised flow of her feelings, has a mingled expression of diffidence, tenderness and sorrow. You would think, from her look, that some portion of her life had been overcast; that some hope fondly cherished, had been broken; or that some memory had clung to her heart pointing to one that had now passed beyond the reach of her sympathy, and the perception of grief. Yet there is a tone of cheerfulness in her conversation—a playfulness in her fancy, that leads you at times, half to doubt if there be any permanent weight upon the delicate wings of her spirit. In speaking, she becomes instantly animated; her eye dilates, her countenance lightens up, her voice, without losing any of its sweetness, becomes more assured; every look and tone is full of soul; when suddenly, as if some thought, to which you are a stranger, had swept through her breast, she appears to struggle between a torrent of emotions wholly new, and those to which she had partially given utterance. And yet the blushing delicacy with which she escapes from this momentary embarrassment touches you more than the most eloquent turned period.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—The Hon. S. H. Anderson, member of Congress from Kentucky, died at his residence in Garrard county, on the 11th inst.

Saturday Evening Post.

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To Subscribers.

To the many thousand subscribers, who during the past year, have given us evidence of their good will, by a willing and prompt remittance in advance, we tender our thanks, and shall use every exertion to give them the worth of their money.

Subscribers in arrears, who are now receiving their bills, will oblige us with a prompt remittance. We intend to pursue a rigid system with those who are willful DELINQUENTS after notice.—Our list of *paying* subscribers, we do not wish in the least to diminish, but those who are willing to *read* the paper, without the wish to pay for the enjoyment, deserve neither grace nor favor, but a fair exposure. We know that much is attributable to forgetfulness, and all who fairly give such an excuse, are pardonable. To those who plead the risk of the Mail, we say, give it to the nearest Post Master to be at once forwarded to us, and *we will incur the risk and loss* if any occurs.

Politics.

The excitement upon the subject of politics, has rarely, in this country, equalled that now raging in our midst. The public mind seems occupied with nothing else. Every department of business, each section of county, all conditions of men appear to be alike infected with the mania of President-making. To believe the assertions of politicians we are in a state such as no people ever before experienced. Both parties contend that the salvation of the country depends upon their success, and that the defeat of their candidate will be only the forerunner of universal ruin.

It was a prophecy long since made by one of the early fathers of this great republic, that every thing in this country would ultimately hinge on the election of a President, and he foreboded a train of inevitable disasters for the day when all other considerations should be lost in that of President-making. The experience of the present verifies his fears. Without being crackers, we may reasonably dread lest the concentration of all other desires upon the single one of making a favorite candidate President, will eventually, by deepening the disappointment on the one part, and enhancing the success on the other, give a ferocious to the feelings of parties which may yet terminate in civil broils. Every successive contest appears to favor the notion, by increasing the excitement, and of consequence increasing the mutual exasperation of the parties.

Nothing can be more reprehensible than this. Whatever may be the value of a President to either party, he is not the whole government, and the nation might manage to exist in tolerable comfort, even though both candidates were to be thrown out of the question. Not is the chief executive absolutely necessary even to carry out the ends of party. The history of this nation has shown, in more instances than one, the measures of a party passed in defiance of a President by the constitutional majority of two-thirds.

Injurious as may be, however, this devotion to the success of a single candidate, it is only to be regarded as the result of excessive devotion to politics. This is the great fault of our people. At the return of every election, for a period varying from one to six months, the whole nation appears absent to give over business, and taken to electioneering for support. Every one is either a committee man, an inspector, a stump orator, or a delegate. The whole nation is metamorphosed into a vast political cauldron, seething, bubbling, steaming, and roaring in continuous tumult. Conventions are called—patriotic speeches are delivered—resolutions are passed with enthusiasm, and the whole five acts of the political farce are gone through with in a manner as solemn as if it was not all "most excellent foolery." For who is convinced by such things as these! What man was ever made a convert of, at a meeting where noisy speeches and uproarious applause were heard, and when the last expectation of the leaders was the gaining of a single vote by their arguments! Not one. These public meetings are got up for effect. They are caused by the leaders of a party as instruments to advance their own popularity; for they know, as well as others, that a calm, dispassionate discussion cannot be expected at a noisy political conclave.

But to return more immediately to our subject, there is no greater fallacy abroad than the doctrine which centralises, as it were, everything upon the President alone, as if he was the only real fountain of power recognised by the constitution, and held, like an eastern despot, supreme, absolute away in our midst. But we are not yet slaves, nor is our chief executive officer, clothed with the powers of a Sultan. The nation does not depend on him for an existence, as we can live, and flourish, even without a President. We then should every thing be absorbed in this all engrossing nation, amounts always to a folly, and often even rising to a phrenzy, that the election of a President is the only consideration of a party.

American Poetry.

"Where are the poets of America," tauntingly enquired an Englishman fresh from the purlieus of that Babel, London. "In our mountains!" was the proud answer. He was right: we shall yet live to be a poetic nation, and the noble scenery of our country, will be the altar at which our poets shall become inspired.

We never leave the dull, smoky, crowded city, and go out into the green fields of nature without a consciousness of a new being. We never traverse a broad savannah, or penetrate the mountain gorge, or navigate the glassy surface of an inland lake, or sail along the majestic current of some one of our rivers, without a consciousness that every where around us, in meadow, cliff, or lake, are the gems of a high national poetry.—Noble mountains, giant rivers, and boundless prairies stretching around on every hand, unconsciously fill the mind with lofty contemplations, kindle the fire of undying genius, and throw over a land the mantle of immortal song.

We are already to fast a poetic people. We want only the faculty of expression—the words to embody our feelings, the measure with which shall gush forth our deathless music.

But the poetry we speak of will not be the poetry of the schools, and soon may even call it harsh and jarring. Yet it will be the people's favorite. It will be original—American and not English. Its day is not yet, but come it will. When shall that hour be!

New Publications.

"HUNTER BEAUTIES," *A Tale of Mississippi—By the Author of Richard Hurdis,—A tale—Philada. Carey & Hart.*—These volumes contain many fine pictures of Western life, and manners and barring the slang which is occasionally put into the mouths of some of the characters, there is much truth and fidelity to nature. The lower characters of the work, if we may use the expression, are somewhat overwrought, but on the whole the author has no reason to be ashamed of his performance. We do not think the work equal in interest to Richard Hurdis, but the very constructions of the plot, prevented the introduction of scenes, as thrilling and powerful as are to be found in that production. We commend the work to the attention of our readers as well worthy of perusal, and well calculated to while away the tenute agreeably during the oppressive weather, when even to think, appears like labor.

"RAMBLES IN THE DOMINIONS OF DON QUIXOTE—*By the late H. H. Ingles, Author of Spain, New Gil Blas, etc.—1 vol.—Philada. Lea & Blanchard.*"—This is a very racy little volume, and contains a fund of exquisite humor, and many very fine reflections upon the characteristic features of Spanish life. The remarks upon the character of Don Quixote, are discriminating, and just. The publishers should introduce to the American reader, the work which was written by the author for posterity—the book which he very fitly terms my Gil Blas.

Dreadful Indian Massacre.

The following horrible account of savage ferocity, is copied from the Charleston Courier of August 29th.

Again it becomes our melancholy duty to record the cold blooded butchery of men, women and children, by the sanguinary Seminoles. Again have the treacherous savages lurked their tomahawks and scalping knives bit deep in human blood, burning houses and destroying property, and been allowed deliberately to retire in security to their fastnesses, to prepare for another attack on the defenceless inhabitants of Florida, whenever a favorable opportunity shall offer. The intelligence of this vast disaster to our citizens was brought to this port by Capt Kenyon, of the schr. Victoria, arrived at Quarantine yesterday, from Key West. He states that a wrecking vessel, arrived at Key West, from Indian Key, 7th inst. with a few of the survivors, who stated that a number of Indians in their canoes, attacked Indian Key, on the night of the 5th inst. and after murdering part of the inhabitants, and filling the canoes with plunder, burnt the whole settlement, consisting of about 30 houses, dwellings and stores. The Indians remained until noon on the following day when they left for the main. The survivors were concealed during this time under a wharf, and left immediately after the Indians departed for Key West. The survivors had their number as follows, viz:

James Housman, constable, of this city.
Mr. Duvall, merchant, of Palmyra.
Charles Lunn, shoe-maker, of this city.
A son of Jacob Hendricks, of Columbia street 14 years old.
A son of Sylvest Kettle, of this city, 16 years old.
Roderick Davidson, an interesting and promising youth employed in this office, 16 years old.
——Greenbeck, a boy belonging to the boat Mohawk.
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Horrible Disaster!—Fall of the Draw of the State street Canal Basin Bridge at Albany.

Our city is the scene of a most distressing and calamitous dispensation. At 5 o'clock this afternoon as the steamboats were departing for New York, and a large number of people were crossing the bridge over the Canal Basin, the draw broke, and precipitated from seventy to eighty persons, and three or four horses into the water. The fall was about twenty feet into twelve feet water. The struggle for life among the sufferers, was fatal but awful. We shudder at the horrible recollection of it. Hundreds of citizens, with all dispatch, sprang to the relief of their drowning fellow citizens. At 7 o'clock 15 dead bodies had been recovered, of which we can only learn the names of the following:

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Charles Lunn, shoe-maker, of this city.
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A Singular Affair.

A person who has been for some time past in the city, calling himself John B. Brooks, and representing himself as the acting partner of the firm of John B. Brooks & Co was on Thursday arrested by officer Smith on the charge of obtaining goods upon false pretences. His ostensible design in this city was, he said, to establish a line of cars in opposition to the Pioneer line between this city and Pittsburg. He has been staying at different times at our principal hotels, but finally settled at the Shade Refectory kept by Mr. Cox at the corner of Chestnut and 3d streets. He spoke of large transactions in stocks and drafts to our principle's brokers and brokers, and even placed drafts to a large amount in the hands of some for collection. In the mean while he purchased cars to the amount of nine thousand dollars, hired agents, rented his office. He bought also large quantities of clothes from Mr Farr, and other taylors of this city, for all of which he gave checks freely upon the Bank of the U States, and the Bank of Pennsylvania, which were dishonored. He had him at once arrested, and bound over in the sum of $300. After giving bail, he was arrested by Mr Alison car manufacturer on a contract for the amount of $4000, and in default of bail was committed to the debtors department Moyamensing.

It appears that he has inveigled several clerks from good situations, with the promise of handsome salaries in the new business, and on Monday night last to complete the farce he married the pretty bar maid in Franklin Place by the name of Hooker. The ceremony was performed by a person at the house next to the Dutch Church corner of 4th and Cherry. We do not know whether the person, who performed the ceremony was or was not a minister, as it is rumored that Brooks has been engaged in more than one transaction of the kind since his sojourn in this city. The whole affair is inexplicable, and it is strange how people could have been so egregiously gulled, when even among those whom he deceived, it was known that he had not money for ordinary expenses. In fact several are minus considerable sums borrowed.

It is rumored that he is insane, but there has been too much method in his madness.

We have just learned that he has attempted to purchase a large amount of goods in Market street, and had actually laid aside several hundred dollars worth, at different stores.

We have learned also that Brooks had fitted up two rooms very handsomely at the Indian Queen hotel within a few days, and that in the evening the carpet was taken up by the proper owners, and much of the furniture removed. A swarm of check holders were seen last evening at his recent lodgings with very long faces. One individual had a check for work done on this new line of business to the amount of $1500.

Extraordinary Manner of Manufacturing Cloth.

A Gentleman residing at present in London, but formerly resided, we are told, a patient for making the finest cloth for gentlemen's coats, &c. without spinning, weaving, or indeed without the aid of any machinery similar to those processes. The most extraordinary circumstance in this contrivance is that air is the only power used in the manufacture of this article. The ingenious inventor places in an air-tight frame or a quantity of threadbare particles of wool which by means of a species of winnowing wheel are kept floating equally throughout the atmosphere contained therein, on one side of the chamber, is a net work of metal, of the finest manufacture, which communicates with the chamber, from which the air can be abstracted, by means of an exhausting syringe, commonly called an air pump, and on the opposite side of the chamber is a similar net work against which the air rushes with extreme violence, to supply the partial vacuum in the exhausted chamber, carrying the woolly flocculi against the netting and so interlacing the fibres that a beautiful fabric, and close texture is immediately made. Several of the specimens of this cloth, that have been shown to scientific gentlemen and manufacturers, have created great admiration.

The cloth is a species of felt, but instead of shrinking the old and laborious method, which is destructive of the particular principle, is used producing the result as it were by magic.

Statue of Washington.

The model exhibited during last week to large crowds, in the Hall of Independence is one eighth of the full dimensions when completed. The bust relief on the four panels to present figures which are to be the size of life. The basement and entablature are to be composed of New England granite, to the height of 16 feet, and executed in massive block work. The shape of which there are thirteen, corresponding with the original confederation of the States, a to be composed of Pennsylvania marble, eight feet in height. The Equestrian Statue is to be 18 feet in height—that is, from the hinds of the horse to the crown of the head of the rider, and to be executed in one piece in sculpturite cast from the mixture of Pennsylvania. The model of the statue is made by Frederick Pettrich, sculptor. The pedestal and steps are designed by Mr Strickland, architect.

There are five panels enclosed with figures in bass relief representing—

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The To th Ache.

This is perhaps, one of the most distressing complaints to which the human system is liable; and is about as well calculated to make a man feel misanthropic as any thing that we wot of. Under its baneful influence, one cares but little for life's enjoyments; the green earth, the blue sky, and "all that sort of thing," lose their power of creating pleasurable sensations; one's very affections freeze up, and the little milk of human kindness that nature may have bestowed to quill into one's composition, curdles, as though one's ears had listened to nothing but thunder, from childhood. If there be moments rare at all between the twitches, they occur at distant periods, and then too, they are administered in Homeopathic doses—there being about the deciliouth of a grain of comfort, to an ounce of unmitigated pain. There have been a great many remedies proposed for this annoyance, one half of which are to idle as the winds. Some are occasionally useful, and some few again decidedly of frequent service. Of this latter kind is a mixture prepared by Dr. Blake of the London Medical Society. We have tried it with success, and although we should not like to say that every experiment would be attended with the same result, for much depends upon temperament and other physical peculiarities, it would be advisable in the afflicted to give it at least a test. Take of alum reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms, nitrous spirit of ether, seven drachms. Mix and apply them to the tooth.

Explosion of a Steamboat.

The Richmond Star of Friday evening, announces that the steamboat James Gibbon, Capt. Thurmer, was blown up that morning, about 25 miles below Richmond, by the bursting of the boiler. The Captain's wife, two children and a servant were dreadfully scalded. Two of the hands are missing. One of the children, a little boy, five or six years old, died a short time after the accident. The others are considered out of danger. The explosion is represented as most terrific. The boiler being blown entirely out of the boat on to an adjacent island, which was so low, and the escape pipe was blown over into the woods. The sufferers were brought up to the city about 11 o'clock, by the steamboat Patrick Henry. The little child which died was dreadfully burned.

Foreign News.

Important from Sweden—A Revolution.

The N. O. Bulletin of Aug. 12 says, by the schooner Emblem, which arrived at this port yesterday from Matamoras, we have received letters and papers of that port to the 1st inst. and dates from Mexico city to the 16th of July.

Urrea, the late Republican leader, had escaped from the dungeons of the Inquisition, roused the people, attacked and captured the city of Mexico, and made President Bustamente a prisoner. Bustamente subsequently got his liberty, and called the Centralists to the rescue; and, as will be seen by the details below, a general battle is yet to decide which party shall remain master of the capital.

MATAMORAS, July 30.

An extraordinary express arrived here on the 26th, three days from Tampico, bringing the important intelligence that the city of Mexico was in the hands of the Federalists.

On the 15th, Urrea, assisted by his confederates, Gomez Pedraza, ex Vice President, and Gomez Farelias, attacked the Palace, and after a desperate engagement, in which 300 men are reported to have been killed, Bustamente was taken prisoner. Urrea then sallied out himself in favor of Federalism, and he will soon be sworn with the same he has espoused. Subsequently, the Seminary, the Cathedral, and the Diputacion were taken possession of, these, with the palace, form the four corners of the great square.

On the 16th, the latest intelligence reported, Bustamente was given his liberty, and the Centralists were collecting their forces to make a desperate resistance.

An express courier has just arrived from Mexico, which brings but one communication from that capital, dated the 16th inst at half past seven in the morning, and, as we understand it, its contents are the following. His excellency, the Minister of War states to the commanding general, that on the evening of the 15th inst. the anarchists attacked the Palace of Mexico, and in a short time made a capture of his excellency the President; that they had the first impudence to offer them to the extremity of defending themselves in the Palace, in the Cathedral and in the Government building. About dusk his excellency the President, who was imprisoned by the factious in St. Augustin street, was set at liberty. He immediately put himself at the head of the troops, and commenced to lay siege to the demoniac troops engrossed and intoxicated in the houses held escaped from prison, and who headed them. The contest was terrific. Nothing was left undamaged, and on the 16th of February, much to the joy of the honest and virtuous part of the city, the extremely violent shock was felt, men and animals in general as in terror to flee in our city, and filled us to a quantity of noise. Among them were four consecutive shocks of earth. The fifth, however, was the most terrific. When the fury of the storm was past, and the good inhabitants had to some measure recovered their fright, they perceived that the whole of the Alameda was under water, the most costly spaces and numerous other productions were spoiled and buried under the water, and a piece of fortification was destroyed. Even Fort Orange, which has withstood several earthquakes for these two hundred years, has given way to the extreme, and all Tampico remained standing. Even Fort Orange, which has withstood several earthquakes for these two hundred years, has given way to the extreme, and all Tampico remained standing. Even Fort Orange, which has withstood several earthquakes for these two hundred years, has given way to the extreme, and all Tampico remained standing.

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From Bermuda.

By the arrival of the brig Quadruped, we have obtained files of Hamilton papers to the 11th of August. We cut the following paragraphs from the *Royal Gazette* of July 29.

Important Intelligence.—A letter written by a resident in Surinam has been received in town. A Dutch Government steamer, from the Gambian coast, had arrived at Paramaribo with fifty wild Africans, intended to labor as pioneers at the public works, for fourteen years. A French vessel, which had attempted the exportation of a similar cargo, had been compelled by the English cruisers to set them free; but had sailed in consequence, to lay a narrative of the whole occurrence before the parent government.

Holland and France are said to be bent on pursuing the new branch of trade, which they contend does not amount to enslavement, and on trying the question with England, if she unbroken part, their right.

Holland and France must upon stocking their plantations with African apprentices. England will not yield to their demands.

CAPTURE OF MIER BY COL. KARNES.—On the 28th July, news was received at Matamoras that the Texans and Federalists had again taken the town of Mier, situate on the right bank of the *Rio Grande del Norte*, at a point where the road from Matamoras joins the main road to Monterey. Nothing was known of their plans. Karnes is said to have 700 Anglo Americans with him, besides the Federalists who were operating at various other points. The Mexican troops in Matamoras mustered about 1500 men. It, as reported, the city of San Louis de Potosi had declared for the Federalists, Col. Karnes, and his adventurers, will find no difficulty in hinder them from going a-head.

SALLY AND ABLE.—The Paris "Journal des Debates" expresses the opinion that France is fully able to cope with all the other powers united, and points to the due affection evinced by O'Connell, as one of the weak parts of England. The Debats affirms that it is the intention of the French government to increase the army from 370,000 to 500,000 men, and in commission ten additional ships of the line.

"SCOUT IN TAMPICO.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 14th states that a conspiracy to effect a revolt in Tampico had been discovered by the authorities of that place.

Foreign Varieties.

Singular Suicide.

Villeneuve, the celebrated French Admiral, when he was taken prisoner, and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat that his excessive fit of the study of anatomy in order to destroy himself. For that purpose he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, Bonaparte ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by court martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing his fleet for Napoleon had ordered him not to sail or to engage the English, determined to destroy himself; and accordingly took his plates and compared them with the position of his heart.—Exactly in the centre he made a mark with a large pen, then fixed on it as near as he could judge, in the same spot in his own breast, and shoved, and cut in its head; it pierced his heart, and he expired.—When the corse was opened he was found dead, the pen through his breast and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound.

CAPTAIN JOHN.—The English papers are quite sanguine of the success of the attempt to improve the culture of cotton in India, and by means of American machinery and the Yankee process, to make it equal in

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Be sure always state this Post office.

Remember to state always state this Post office.

Remember must always state this Post office.

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Original Poetry.

...erty;—for in the eloquent language of Mother, "Though suns be ruined from their centre, and planets be hurled to ruin; though worlds be piled on world, and dread disorder reign; though the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat; yet let him not forget that there is one Being, who, unchanged himself, beholds the changes of the universe with a perfect command of all its powers, and that Being is 'Our Father who is in Heaven.'" Is there, or can there then be, in time, or space,—in earth, or any where, any thing to cause his cheerfulness to be disturbed, or his hopes for a moment to become dull,—for soon, very soon, will he rest forever in peace; and then will his cheerfulness never cease, neither be disturbed. for all trials, difficulties, and disappointments will have ceased, and that forever. W. R. S.

Philadelphia.

The Father—an Instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. HOOCHNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When the families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is to see the mother despending or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, pa!" answered several cheerful voices; "it is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor! We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, barely four years old; "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene, cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Furniture and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who so long had been the mistress of the mansion, shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market.

He viewed with delight and astonishment, the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in affluence, and the efficiency which her daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on.

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress in the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, in a summer evening, than he had been in his downy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said

Master Humphrey's Clock,

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

They were now in the open country; the houses were very few, and scattered at long intervals, often miles apart. Occasionally they came upon a cluster of poor cottages, some with a chair or low board put across the open door to keep the scrambling children from the road, others shut up close while all the family were working in the fields. These were often the encampments of a little village: and after an interval came a wheelwright's shed, or perhaps a blacksmith's forge; then a thriving farm, with sleepy oxen lying about the yard, and horses pawing over the low wall and scampering away when harnessed horses passed upon the road, as though in triumph at their freedom. There were dull pigs, too, turning up the ground in search of dainty food, and grunting their monotonous grumblings as they prowled about, or roused each other in their quest; plump pigeons strutting round the roof or strutting on the eaves; and ducks and geese, far more graceful in their conceit, waddling awkwardly about the edges of the pond or eating dirty on its surface. The farm-yard passed, then came the little inn; the humbler beer-shop; and the village tradesman's; then the lawyer's and the parson's at whose dread names the beer-shop trembled; the church then peeped out modestly from a clump of trees; then there were a few more cottages; then the cage, and pound, and not unfrequently, on a bank by the way side, a deep old dusty well. Then came the trim-hedged fields on either hand, and the open roads again.

They walked all day, and slept that night at a small cottage where beds were let to travellers. Next morning they were stiff and sore, and limped at first, and very tired, recovered before long and proceeded briskly forward.

They often stopped to rest, but only for a short space at a time, and still kept on, having had but slight refreshment since the morning. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, when, drawing near another cluster of laborer's huts, the child looked wistfully in each, doubtful at which to ask for permission to rest awhile, and buy a draught of milk.

It was not easy to determine, for she was timid and fearful of being repulsed. Here was a crying child, and there a noisy wife. In this, the people seemed too poor; in that, too many. At length she stopped at one where the family were seated round a table—chiefly because there was an old man sitting in a cushioned chair beside the hearth, and she thought he was a grandfather and would feel for her.

There were besides, the cottager and his wife, and three young sturdy children, grown as he was. The request was no sooner preferred, than granted. The eldest boy ran to fetch some milk, the second dragged two stools toward the door, and the youngest crept to his mother's gown, and looked at the strangers from beneath his sunburnt hand.

"God save you, master," said the old cottager, in a thin piping voice, "are you travelling far?"

"Yes, sir, a long way,"—replied the child; for her grandfather appealed to her.

"From London?" enquired the old man.

The child said yes.

Ah! he had been in London many a time—used to go there often, once, with wagons. It was nigh two-and-thirty year since he had been there last, and he did hear say there were great changes. Like enough! He had changed, himself, since then. Two-and-thirty year was a long time, and eighty-four a great age, though there was some he had known that had lived to very hard upon a hundred—and not so hearty as he, neither—no, nothing like it.

"Sit thee down, master, in the elbow-chair," said the old man, knocking his stick upon the brick floor, and trying to do so, sharply. "Take a pinch out o' that box; I don't take much myself, for it comes dear, but I find it wakes me up sometimes, and yet ye're but a boy to me. I should have a son pretty nigh as old as you if he'd lived, but they listed him for a sojer—he come back home, though, for all he had but one poor leg. He always said he'd be buried near the sun-dial he used to climb upon when he was a baby, did my poor boy, and his words come true—you can see the place with your own eyes; we've kept the turf up, ever since."

He shook his head, and looking at his daughter with watery eyes, said she needn't be afraid that he was going to talk about that any more. He didn't wish to trouble nobody, if he had troubled anybody by what he said, he asked pardon, that was all.

The milk arrived, and the child producing her little basket and selecting its best fragments for her grandfather, they made a hearty meal. The furniture of the room was very homely, of course—a few rough chairs and a table, a corner cupboard with their little stock of crockery and delf, a gaudy tea-tray, representing a lady in bright red, walking out with a very blue parasol, a few common-colored scripture subjects in frames upon the wall and chimney, an old dwarf clothes-press and an eight-day clerk, with a few bright saucepans and a kettle, comprised the whole. But every thing was clean and neat, and as the child glanced round, she felt a tranquil air of comfort and content to which she had long been unaccustomed.

"How far is it to any town or village?" she asked of the husband.

"A matter of good five mile, my dear," was the reply; "but you're not going on to-night?"

"Yes, yes, Nell," said the old man hastily, forging her too by signs. "Farther on, farther on, darling, farther away if we walk till midnight."

"There's a good barn hard by, master," said the man, "or there's travellers' lodgings, I know, at the Flow an' Harter. Excuse me, but you do seem a little tired, and unless you're very anxious to get on—"

"Yes, yes, we are," returned the old man fretfully. "Farther away, dear Nell, pray farther away."

"We must go on, indeed," said the child, bidding to his restless wish. "We thank you very much, but we cannot stop so soon. I'm quite ready, grandfather."

But the woman had observed, from the young wanderer's gait, that one of her little feet was blistered and sore, and being a woman and a mother too, she would not suffer her to go until she had washed the place and applied some simple remedy, which she did most carefully and with such unsparing kindness, that though it pained and lamed her, that was, with work—that the child's heart was too full to admit of her saying more than a fervent "God bless you!" nor could she look back but trust herself to speak, until they had left the cottage some distance behind. When she turned her head, she saw that the whole family, even the old grandfather, were standing in the road watching them as they went; and so, with many waves of the hand, and cheering nods, and on one side at least not without tears, they parted company.

They trudged forward, more slowly and painfully than they had done yet, for another mile or three-and-a-half, when they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and looking round observed an empty cart approaching pretty briskly. The driver on coming up to them stopped his horse and looked earnestly at Nell.

"Didn't you stop to rest at a cottage yonder?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the child.

"Ah! they asked me to look out for you," said the man. "I'm going your way. Give me your hand—jump up, master."

This was a great relief, for they were very much fatigued and could scarcely crawl along. To them the jolting cart was a luxurious carriage, and the ride the most delicious in the world. Nell had scarcely settled herself on a little heap of straw in one corner, when she fell asleep, for the first time that day.

She was awakened by the stopping of the cart, which was about to turn up a bye lane. The driver kindly got down to help her out, and pointing to some trees at a very short distance before them, said that the town lay there, and that they had better take the path which they would see, leading through the church-yard. Accordingly towards this spot they directed their weary steps.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

The sun was setting when they reached the wicket gate at which the path began, and, as the rain falls upon the just and unjust alike, it shed its warm tint even upon the resting places of the dead, and bade them be of good hope for its rising on the morrow. The church was old and grey, with ivy clinging to the walls, and round the porch. Shunning the tombs, it crept about the mounds, beneath which slept poor humble men, twining for them the first wreaths they had ever won, but wreaths less liable to wither and far more lasting in their kind, than some which were grown deep in stone and marble, and told in pompous terms of virtues meekly hidden for many a year, and only revealed at last to executors and mourning legatees.

The clergyman's horse, stumbling with a dull blunt sound among the graves, was cropping the short grass, at once deriving orthodox consolation from the dead parishioners, and enforcing last Sunday's text that this was what all flesh came to; a lean ass who had sought to expound it also, without being qualified and ordained, was pricking his ears in an empty pound hard by, and looking, with hungry eyes upon his prostly neighbour.

The old man and the child quitted the grave path and strayed among the tombs; for there the ground was soft, and easy to their tired feet. As they passed behind the church, they heard voices near at hand, and presently came on those who had spoken.

They were two men who were seated in easy attitudes upon the grass, and so busily engaged as to be at first unconscious of intruders. It was not difficult to divine that they were of a class of itinerant showmen—exhibitors of the freaks of Punch—for, perched cross-legged upon a tombstone behind them, was the figure of that hero himself, his nose and chin as hooked and his face as knowing as usual. Perhaps his imperturbable character was never more strikingly developed, for he preserved his usual expressive smile notwithstanding that the two men were laughing in a most unsatisfactory position, all four and limp and shapeless, while his long jointed cap unequally balanced against his exceedingly slight legs, threatened every instant to bring him tumbling down.

In part scattered upon the ground at the feet of the two men, and in part jumbled together in a long flat box, were the other persons of the drama. The lover's wife and one child, the lobby-horse, the doctor, the fiercest gentleman who did not bring familiar with the language as to...able in the representation to express his ideas otherwise than by the utterance of the word "Shallabalah" three distinct times, the radical neighbour who will by no means admit that a tin bell is an organ, the executioner, and the devil were all here. Their owners had evidently come to that spot to make some needful repairs in the stage arrangements; for one of them was engaged in binding together a small gallows with thread, while the other was intent upon fixing a new black wing, with the aid of a small hammer and some tacks, upon the head of the radical neighbour, who had been beaten bald.

They raised their eyes when the old man and his young companion were close upon them, and pausing in their work, returned their looks of curiosity. One of them, the actual exhibiter no doubt, was a little merry-faced man, with a twinkling eye and a red nose, who seemed to have unconsciously imbibed something of his hero's character. The other—that was he who took the money—had rather a careful and cautious look, which was perhaps inseparable from his occupation also.

The merry man was the first to greet the strangers with a nod; and following the old man's eyes, he observed that perhaps that was the first time he had ever seen a Punch off the stage. Punch, it may be remarked, seemed to be printing with the tip of his cap to a most flourishing epitaph, and to be chuckling over it with all his heart.)

"Why do you come here to do this?" said the old man, sitting down beside them, and looking at the figures with extreme delight.

"Why you see," rejoined the little man, "we're putting up for to-night at the public-house yonder, and it wouldn't do to let 'em see the present company undergoing repair."

"No!" cried the old man, making signs to Nell to listen, "why not, eh? why not?"

"Because it would destroy all the delusion, and take away all the interest, wouldn't it?" replied the little man. "Would you care a ha'penny for the Lord Chancellor if you know'd him in private and without his wig? certainly not."

"Good!" said the old man, venturing to touch one of the puppets, and drawing away his hand with a shrill laugh. "Are you going to show 'em to-night? are you?"

"That is the intention, governor," replied the other; "and unless I'm much mistaken Tommy Codlin is a calculating at this minute what we've best through your coming upon us. Cheer up, Tommy, it can't be much."

The little man accompanied these latter words with a wink, expressive of the estimate he had formed of the traveller's finances.

To this Mr. Codlin, who had a surly, grumbling manner, replied, as he twitched Punch off the tombstone and flung him into the box,

"I don't care if we haven't lost a farden, but you're too free. If you stood in front of the curtain and see the public's faces as I do, you'd know human nater better."

"Ah! it's been quite spoiling of you, Tommy, your taking to that branch," resumed his companion. "When you played the ghost in the reg'lar drama in the fairs, you believed in everything—except ghosts. But now you're a universal mistruster. I never seen a man so changed."

"Never mind," said Mr. Codlin, with the air of a discontented philosopher. "I know better now, and p'raps I'm sorry for it."

Turning over the figures in the box like one who knew and despised them, Mr. Codlin drew one forth and held it up for the inspection of his friend.

"Look here; here's all this Judy's clothes falling to pieces again. You haven't got a needle, I suppose?"

The little man shook his head, and scratched it ruefully as he contemplated this severe indisposition of a principal performer. Seeing that they were at a loss, the child said timidly:

"I have a needle, sir, in my basket, and thread too. Will you let me try to mend it for you? I think I can do it neater than you could."

Even Mr. Codlin had nothing to urge against a proposal so seasonable. Nelly, kneeling down beside the box, was soon busily engaged in her task, and accomplishing it in a miracle.

While she was thus engaged, the merry little man looked at her with an interest which did not appear to be diminished when he glanced at her helpless companion. When she had finished her work he thanked her, and inquired whether they were travelling.

"No—no farther to-night, I think," said the child, looking toward her grandfather.

"If you're wanting a place to sit a bit," the man remarked, "I should advise you to take up at the same house with us. That's it—the long, low, white house there. It's very cheap."

The old man, notwithstanding his fatigue, would have remained in the churchyard all night if his new acquaintance had stood there too. As he yielded to this suggestion a ready and rapturous assent, they all rose and waited slowly together; he keeping close to the box of puppets in which he was quite absorbed, the merry little man carrying it slung over his arm by a strap, and Nell leading the latter by the hand. Behind all followed Mr. Codlin, casting many a look of compassion toward the companion of his youth, and often turning aside into places where it grew longer than in others, that she might not tread upon the graves. She felt a curious kind of pleasure in lingering among these houses of the dead, and read the inscriptions on the tombs of the good people (a great number of good people were buried here,) pausing on from one to another with interesting interest.

It was a very quiet place, as such a place should be, save for the crossing of the rooks who had built their nests among the branches of some tall old trees, and were calling to one another, high up in air. First one sleek bird hovering near his ragged house as it swung and dangled in the wind, uttered his hoarse cry, quite by chance as it would seem, and in a sober tone as though he were but talking to himself. Another answered, and he called again, but louder that before, then another spoke and then another, and each time the first, aggravated by contradiction, insisted on his case more strongly. Other voices, silent till now, struck in from boughs lower down and higher up and midway, and to the right and left, and from the tree-tops, and others arriving hastily from the grey church turrets and old belfry window, joined the clamor which rose and fell and swelled and dropped again, and still went on; and all this noisy contention amidst a skimming to and fro, and lighting on fresh branches and frequent change of place, which stirred the old restlessness of those who live so still beneath the mute and turf laden, and the useless stir in which they had worn away their lives.

Frequently raising her eyes to the trees whence these sounds came down, and feeling as though they stride the place more quiet that perfect silence would have done, the child loitered from grave to grave, now stopping to replace with careful hands the bramble which had started from some green mound it helped to keep in shape, and now peeping through one of the low latticed windows into the church, with its monuments heads upon the desks, and hairs of whitened green mouldering from the pew sides and leaning like naked wood to view. There were seats where the poor old people sat, some quiet, and yellow like the relics, the rugged bust where children had their names, the family altar where they knelt in after life, the plain black trestels that bore their weight on their last visit to the cool old sandy church. Every thing had of long use and quiet slow decay; the very bell ropes in the porch was frayed into a fringe, and hung with old age.

She was looking at a humble stone which told of a young man who had died at twenty-three years and five years ago, when she heard a faltering step approaching, and looking round saw a feeble woman bent with the weight of years, who tottered to the foot of that stone, gazed and asked her to read the writing on the stone. The old woman thanked her when she had done, saying that she had had the words by heart for many a long, long year, but could not see them now.

"Were you his mother?" said the child.

"I was his wife, my dear."

She the wife of a young man of three-and-twenty! Ah, true! It was fifty-five years ago.

"You seem to bear me say that," remarked the old woman, shaking her head. "You're not the first, either, dear, that have wondered at the same thing before now. Yes, I was his wife. Death doesn't change us more than life, my dear."

"Do you come here often?" asked the child.

"I sit here very often in the summer time," she answered. "I used to come here once to cry and mourn, but that was a weary while ago, thank God!"

"I pluck the daisies as they grow, and take them home," said the old woman after a short silence. "I like no flowers as well as these, and haven't for five-and-fifty year. It's a long time, and I'm getting very old."

Then growing garrulous upon a theme which was new to one listener though it were but a child, she told her how she had wept and mourned and prayed to die herself, when this happened, and how when she first came to that place, a young creature strong in love and grief, she had hoped that her heart was breaking as it seemed to be. But that time passed by, and although she continued to be sad when she came there, still she could bear to come, and so went on until it was pain no longer, but a solemn pleasure, and a duty she had learnt to like. And now that five-and-fifty years were gone, she spoke of the dead man as if he had been her son or grandson, with a kind of pity for his youth, growing out of her own old age, and an exulting of his strength and manly beauty as compared with her own weakness and decay; and yet she spoke about him as her husband too, and thinking of herself in communion with him, as she used to be, and not as she was now, talked of their meeting in another world as if he were dead but yesterday, and she, separated from her lover's side, were thinking of the happiness of that remote girl who seemed to have died with him.

The child felt her gathering the flowers that grew upon the grave, and thoughtfully trussed in her apron.

The old man was by this time up and drew Mr. Codlin still deeper to contemplate the horrid realities of existence, was parking so ong to listen the rambles which had been saved from the previous night's performance, while his companion received the compliments of all the hostlers in the stable-yard, who, unable to separate him from the master mind of Punch, set him down as next in importance to that merry soul, and loved him scarcely less. When he had sufficiently acknowledged his popularity he came in to breakfast, at which meal they all sat down together.

"And where are you going to day?" said the little man, addressing himself to Nell.

"Indeed I hardly know, we have not determined yet," replied the child.

"We're going on to the races," said the little man. "If that's your way and you like to have us for company, let us travel together. If you prefer going alone, only say the word and you'll find that we shan't trouble you."

"We'll go with you," said the old man. "Nell,—with them, with them."

The child considered for a moment, and reflected that she must shortly beg, and could scarcely hope to do so at a better place than where crowds of rich ladies and gentlemen were assembled together for purposes of enjoyment and festivity, determined to accompany these men so far. She therefore thanked the little man for his offer, and said, glancing timidly toward his friend, that if there was no objection to their accompanying them as far as the race town—

"Objection?" said the little man. "Now be gracious for once, Tommy, and say that you'd rather they went with us. I know you would. Be gracious, Tommy."

"Trotters," said Mr. Codlin, who talked very slowly and eat very greedily, as is not uncommon with phlegmatic men and misanthropes; "you're too free."

"Why, what harm can it do?" urged the other.

"No harm at all in this particular case, perhaps," replied Mr. Codlin; "but the principle's a dangerous one, and you're too free I tell you."

"Well, are they to go with us or not?"

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Codlin; "but you might have made a favor of it, mightn't you?"

The real name of the little man was Harris, but it had gradually merged into the less euphonious one of Trotters, which with the prefatory adjective Short, had been confirmed upon him by reason of the small size of his legs. Short Trotters, however, being a compound name, and inconvenient of use as friendly dialogue, the gentleman on whom it had been bestowed was known among his intimates either as "Short," or "Trotters," and was seldom accosted at full length as Short Trotters, except in formal conversations and on occasions of ceremony.

Short, then, or Trotters as the reader pleases, returned into the remonstrance of his friend Mr. Thomas Codlin a jocose answer calculated it, turn aside his discontent, and applying himself with great relish to the cold boiled beef, the tea and bread and butter, strongly impressed upon his companions that they should do the like. Mr. Codlin indeed required no such persuasion, as he had already cut as much as he could possibly carry and was now moistening his clay with strong ale, whereof he took deep draughts with a silent relish and invited nobody to partake, thus again strongly indicating his misanthropical turn of mind.

Breakfast being at length over, Mr. Codlin called the bill, and charging the al. to the company generally a practice also savoring of misanthropy) divided the amount into two fair and equal parts, assigning one to nity to himself and friend, and the other to Nelly and her grandfather. These being duly discharged and all things ready for their departure, they took farewell of the landlord and landlady and resumed their journey.

And here Mr. Codlin's false position in society and the effect it wrought upon his wounded spirit were strongly illustrated, for whereas he had been last night accosted by Mr. Punch as "master" and lead by inference left the audience to understand that he maintained that individual for his own luxurious entertainment and delight, here he was, now, painfully walking beneath the burden of that same Punch's temple, and bearing it meekly upon his shoulders on a sultry day and along a dusty road. In place of entertaining his patron with a constant flow of wit or the cheerful rattle of his quarter staff on the head of his rotundity and acquaintance, here was that learning Punch utterly devoid of sense, all slack and drooping in a dark box, with his legs doubled up round his neck, and not one of his social qualities remaining.

Mr. Codlin trudged heavily on, exchanging a word or two at intervals with Short, and stopping to rest and grunt occasionally. Short led the way, with the flat box, the gentle jingling of which was not extensive; and up in a bundle, and a brazen trumpet slung from his shoulder blade. Nell and her grandfather walked next him on either hand, and Thomas Codlin brought up the rear.

When they came to any town or village or even to a detached house of good appearance, Short threw a flourish upon the brazen trumpet and carolled a fragment of a song in that inflatious tone common to Punches and their comforts. If people hurried to the windows, Mr. Codlin pitched his temple, and hastily inverting the drapery and reversing Short therewith, performed mysteriously on the Punch and performed on air. Upon the entertainment began in earnest as might be, Mr. Codlin taking the responsibility of dealing on its lengths and abstracting or expanding the time for the hero's loud fits and fights and the low comedy of his wife's constant beating and ill usage. When it had been gathered in by the last farthing, he returned to rest and on his way trudged on.

Sometimes they played out the full across a bridge or ferry, and once extended by particular desire at a turnpike where the collector, being drawn in his solitude, paid down a shilling to have it to himself. There was one small place of such promise in which their hopes were blighted, for a favorite character in the play having a failure upon his throat and being a swallowing would indeed follow was held to be a sickness to the house, for which reason the authorities enforced a quick refusal; but they were generally well received, and seldom if ever without a troop of ragged children shouting at the heels of Punch.

They made a long day's journey, despite these interruptions, and were yet upon the road when the moon was shining in the sky. Short began to feel the inns with songs and jests—and made the best of every thing that happened. Mr. Codlin on the other hand, entered his fate, and all the hollow things of earth that Punch especially; and limped along with the theatre on his back, a prey to the bitterest chagrin.

They had stopped to eat some trifle at a fingerpost where four roads met, and Mr. Codlin in his deep misanthropy had let down the drapery and seated himself in the bottom of the show, invisible to mortals eyes and disdainful of the company of his fellow-creatures, when two monstrous shadows were seen stalking toward them from a turning in the road by which they had come. The child was at first quite terrified by the sight of these gaunt giants—for such they looked as they advanced with lofty strides in search of the shadow of the trees—but Short telling her there was nothing to fear, blew a bl at upon the trumpet, which was answered by a shrill shout.

"It's Grinder's kit, and I'll be" cried Mr. Short in a loud key.

"Yo-ho," replied a couple of shrill voices.

"Come on then," said Short. "Let's have a look at you. I thought it was you."

Time moved, "Grinder's kit" approached with redoubled speed and soon came up with the little party. Mr. Grinder's company, familiarly termed a kit, consisted of a young gentleman and a young lady on stilts, and Mr. Grinder himself who used the natural legs for pedestrian purposes and carried at his back a drum. The public exclusive of the young people was of the Highland kind, but the tight lacing damp and cold, the young gentleman were unstable till a man's pea-jacket reaching to his ankles, and glazed hat; the young lady to was modified in an old cloth pelisse and had a bonnet of red about her head. Their Scotch costumes crowned with plumes of jet black feathers, Mr. Grinder carried on his instrument.

"Bound for the races, I see," said Mr. Grinder coming up out of breath. "So are we. How are you, Short?" With that they shook hands in a very friendly manner. The young people being too high up for the ordinary salutations, saluted Short after their own fashion. The young gentleman twisted up his right still and patted him on the shoulder, and the young lady rubbed her tambourine.

"Practice?" said Short, pointing to the stilts

"No," returned Grinder. "It comes either to walkin' on 'em or carryin' of 'em, and they like walkin' in 'em best. It's very pleasant for the prospects. Which road are you takin'? We go the nighest."

"Why, the fact is," said Short, "that we were going the longest way, because then we could stop for the night, a mile and a half on. But three or four mile gained to-night is so many saved to-morrow, and if you keep on, I think our best way is to do the same."

"Where's your partner?" inquired Grinder.

"Here he is," cried Mr. Thomas Codlin, presenting his head and face in the proscenium of the stage, an exhibition and expression of countenance not often seen there; "and he'll see his partner boiled alive before he'll go on to-night That's what he says."

"Well, don't say such things as them, in a spear which is denoted to something pleasanter," urged Short, "Respect associations Tommy, even if you do cut up rough."

"Rough or smooth," said Mr. Thomas Codlin beating his hand on the foot-board, where Punch when suddenly struck with the symmetry of his legs and their capacity for silk stockings, is accustomed to exhibit them to popular admiration, "rough or smooth, I won't go further than this mile and a half to-night. I put up at the Jolly Sandboys and nowhere else. If you like to come there, come there. If you like to go on by yourself, go on by yourself, and do without me if you can."

So saying, Mr. Codlin disappeared from the scene and immediately presenting himself outside the theatre, took it on his shoulders at a jerk, and made off with most remarkable agility.

Any further controversy being now out of the question, Short was fain to part with Mr. Grinder and his pupils and to follow his morose companion. After lingering at the finger-post for a few minutes to see the stilts frisking away in the moonlight and the bearer of the drum tolling slowly after them, he blew a few notes upon the trumpet as a parting salute, and hastened with all speed to follow Mr. Codlin. With this view he gave his unoccupied hand to Nell and bidding her be of good cheer as they would soon be at the end of their journey for that night, and stimulating the old man with a similar assurance, led them on at a pretty swift pace toward their destination, which he was the less unwilling to make for, as the moon was now overcast and the clouds were threatning rain.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

The Jolly Sandboys was a small roadside inn of pretty ancient date, with a sign representing three Sandboys increasing their jollity with as many jugs of ale and bags of gold, creaking and swinging on its post on the opposite side of the road. As the travellers had observed that day many indications of their drawing nearer and nearer to the race town, such as gipsy camps, carts laden with gambling booths and their appurtenances, itinerant showmen of various kinds, and beggars and tramps of every degree, all wending their way in the same direction, Mr. Codlin was fearful of finding the accommodations forestalled; this fear increasing as he surmounted the distance between himself and the hostelery, he quickened his pace, and notwithstanding the burden he had to carry, maintained a round trot until he reached the threshold. Here he had the gratification of finding that his fears were without foundation, for the landlord was leaning against the door post looking lazily at the rain, which had by this time begun to descend heavily, and no tinkling of cracked bell, nor boisterous shout, nor noisy chorus, gave note of company within.

"All alone?" said Mr. Codlin, putting down his burden and wiping his forehead.

"All alone as yet," rejoined the landlord, glancing at the sky, "but we shall have more company to-night I expect. Here one of you boys, carry that show into the barn. Make haste in out of the wet, Tom; when it came on to rain I told 'em to make the fire up, and there's a glorious blaze in the kitchen I can tell you."

Mr. Codlin followed with a willing mind, and soon found that the landlord had not commenced his preparations without good reason. A mighty fire was blazing on the hearth and roaring up the wide chimney with a cheerful sound, which a large iron cauldron bubbling and simmering in the heat lent its pleasant aid to await. There was a deep red ruddy flush upon the room, and when the landlord stirred the fire sending the flames capering and leaping up, when he took off the lid of the iron pot and there rushed out a savory smell, while the bubbling sound grew deeper and more rich, and an immense stream came floating out, hanging in a delicious mist above their heads—even he did that, Mr. Codlin's heart was touched. He sat down on the chimney corner and smiled.

Mr. Codlin sat smiling in the chimney corner, eyeing the landlord as with a region look he laid the cover on his table, and feigning that his thoughts were otherwise employed, but that he was doing so when occasion should require. The landlord ordered the delightful steam to enable the waiter to lay the cloth, and upon his watering mouth and upon his pimpled face, and upon his round fat figure. Mr. Codlin drew his sleeve across his lips, and smiled a murmuring voice, "what is it?"

"It's a stew of trout," said the landlord smacking his lips, "and eels too!" exclaiming them once more, "and steak," exulting there for the third time, "and pies, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy." Having come to the climax, he sneezed his lips a great many times, and taking a long hearty sniff of the fragrance that was hovering about, put on the cover again with the air of one whose toils on earth were over.

"At what time will it be ready?" asked Mr. Codlin faintly.

"It'll be done to a turn," said the landlord, looking up at the clock—and the very clock had a color in its fat white face and looked a clock for Jolly Sandboys to consult—"it'll be done to a turn at twenty two minutes before eleven."

"Then," said Mr. Codlin, "fetch me a pint of warm ale, and don't let anybody bring into the room even so much as a biscuit till the time arrives."

Nothing his approval of this decisive and manly course of procedure, the landlord retired to draw the beer, and presently returned with it, applied himself to warm the same in a small tin vessel shaped somewhere, for the convenience of stirring it far down in the fire and getting at the bright places. This was soon done, and he handed it over to Mr. Codlin with that creamy froth upon the surface which is one of the happy circumstances attendant upon mulled ale.

Greatly softened by this soothing beverage, Mr. Codlin now bethought him of his companions, and acquainted some host of the Sandboys that their arrival might be shortly looked for. The din was rattling against the windows and pouring down in torrents, and such was Mr. Codlin's extreme amiability of mind, that he more than once expressed his earnest hope that they would not be so foolish as to get wet.

At length they arrived, drenched with the rain and presenting a most miserable appearance, and without waiting that Short had also dried the child as well as he could under the circs of his own coat, and they were nearly breathless from the haste they had made. But their steps were no sooner heard upon the road than the landlord, who had been at the other door anxiously watching for their coming, rushed into the kitchen and took the cover off. The effect was electrical They all came in with smiling faces though the wet was dripping from their clothes upon the floor, and Short's first remark was, "what a delicious smell!"

It is not very difficult to forget rain and mud by the side of a cheerful fire, and in a bright room. They were furnished with slippers and such dry garments as the house or their own limited effects could afford, and commencing themselves as Mr. Codlin had already done, in the warm chimney-corner, soon forgot their late troubles, or only remembered them as enhancing the delights of the present time. Overpowered by the warmth and comfort and the fatigue they had undergone, Nelly and the old man had not long taken their seats here, when they fell asleep.

"Who are they?" whisped the landlord.

Short shook his head, and wished he knew himself.

"Don't you know?" asked the host, turning to Mr. Codlin.

"Not I," he replied. "They're no good, I suppose."

"They're no harm," said Short. "Depend upon that. I tell you what—it's plain that the old man isn't in his right mind—"

"If you haven't got anything newer than that to say," growled Codlin, glancing at the clock, "you'd better let us fix our minds upon the supper, and not disturb us."

"Hear me out, won't you?" retorted his friend. "It's very plain to me, besides, that they're not used to this way of life. Don't tell me that that handsome child has been in the habit of prowling about as she's done these last two or three days. I know better."

"Well, who does tell you she has?" growled Mr. Codlin, again glancing at the clock and from it to the cauldron, "can't you think of anything more suitable to present circumstances than saying things and then contradicting 'em?"

"I wish somebody would give you your supper," returned Short, "for there'll be no peace till you've got it. Have you seen how anxious the old man is to get on—always wanting to be further away—further away? Have you seen that?"

"Ah! what then?" muttered Thomas Codlin.

"This, then," said Short. "He has given his friends the slip. Mind what I say, he has given his friends the slip, and persuaded this delicate young creetur all along of her fondness for to be his guide and travelling companion—where too, he knows no more than the man in the moon. Now I'm not a going to stand that."

"You're not a going to stand that?" cried Mr. Codlin glancing at the clock again and pulling his hair with both hands in a kind of frenzy, but whether occasioned by his companion's observation or the tardy pace of Time, it was difficult to determine. "Here's a world to live in!"

"I," repeated Short emphatically and slowly, "am not a going to stand it. I am not a going to see this fair young child a falling into bad hands, and getting among people that she's no more fit for, than they are to get among angels as their ordinary chums. Therefore when they do swop in the manner of parting company from us, I shall take measures for detaining of 'em, and restoring 'em to their friends, who I dare say have had their disconsolation pasted up on every wall in London by this time."

"Short," said Mr. Codlin, who with his head upon his hands and his elbows on his knees had been shaking himself impatiently from side to side, up to this point and occasionally stamping on the ground, but who now looked up with eager eyes, "it's possible that there may be uncommon good sense in what you've said. If there is, and there should be a reward, Short, remember that we're partners in everything."

His companion had only time to find a brief assent to this position, for the child awoke at the instant. They had drawn close together during the previous whispering, and now hastily separated and were rather awkwardly endeavoring to exchange some casual remarks in their usual tone, when strange footsteps were heard without, and fresh company entered.

These were no other than four very dismal dogs, who came pattering in one after the other, headed by an old lanky dog of particularly mournful aspect, who stopping when the last of his followers had got as far as the door, erected himself upon his hind legs and looked round at his companions who immediately stood upon their hind legs, in a grave and melancholy row. Not was this the only remarkable circumstance about these dogs, for each of them wore a kind of little coat of some gaudy color trimmed with tarnished spangles, and one of them had a cap upon his head, tied very carefully under his chin, which had fallen down upon his nose and completely obscured one eye; and to this, that the gaudy coats were all bedraggled and discolored with rain, and that the wearers were splashed and dirty, and some sieve may be formed of the amazing appearance of these new visitors to the Jolly Sandboys.

Neither Short nor the landlord nor Thomas Codlin, were the least surprised, merely remarking that these were Jerry's dogs and that Jerry could not be far behind. So there the dogs stood, patiently waiting and gaping and looking extremely hard at the boiling pot, until Jerry himself appeared, when they all dropped down at once and walked about the room in their natural manner. This posture it must be confessed did not much improve their appearance, as the one with the cap on his head, still wore the cap, the one with a red rag round his throat still wore the rag, and the one with both caps and rags, still wore both caps and rags, when he took off the lot of the three and put them round on a savory smell, while the humming sound grew deeper and more rich, and an immense stream came floating out, hanging in a delicious mist above their heads—even he did that, Mr. Codlin's heart was touched. He sat down on the chimney corner and smiled.

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